

"Ugh" we'd gag. "Jelly and cottage cheese on toast again'?"

After school we would find our glass of juice waiting, along with 5 drops of cod-liver oil (10 drops in winter). We drank it fast, holding our noses. We could count on a standard non-standard dinner nightly. I dubbed Mother's stew, "candy stew," thereby winning special praise. The siblings complained, abhorring her overgenerous addition of wheat germ.

1928, Havana - Last night it cost me \$2.40 for dinner and I had only a little

kind of a Spanish stew. So it is a good thing that we get \$8.00 a day to eat on.

June 13, 1929, Buenos Aires - I am taking my lunches at an Argentine boarding house just to hear the language and you ought to see the things they give me to eat. Awful blood sausages and puchero, which is a native dish of cabbage and old meat and boiled potatoes and anything else they happen to think of.

Mother waged a running war against such house pests as cockroaches and rodents. Any living creature, mite to mouse size, who attempted to share her kitchen met a quick demise. This ill will carried over to neighborhood cats. "They are witches in disguise," she declared. Felines who ventured onto our porch dashed away dripping from the bucket of water sloshed out the backdoor. In spite of this, Mother encouraged brother Mike to enter the newspaper's TailWagger's contest; designing his scrapbook entry in the shape of a huge cat. Much to her eventual dismay, he became the winner of a Persian kitten. "Waggy" lasted only a short time as Mother